

CHARIVARIA.

THERE is no doubt about the heir to the Spanish throne being a fine lusty boy. It took more than forty bishops and archbishops to christen him.

The proceedings at the annual athletic meeting of the Hotel Employees' Society the other day brought out one interesting fact. Some of the races proved that waiters can hurry when they want to.

A dear old lady, on reading that several aerolites weighing 5 cwt. each had fallen in the Ghazipur district of India, remarked that these balloonists appeared to be astonishingly heavy people.

It is perhaps not altogether unnatural that the Irish party should have waxed indignant at the arrest in India of a gentleman named RAJ PAT.

In consequence of an oversight the rumour has got about that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has become the Mother of the House of Commons.

As a result of the recent discussion on the question "Does an Orchestra aid Digestion?" a capital innovation was introduced at a banquet the other day.

The band played during the more trying of the speeches.

A London County Council steamboat collided with the Tower Bridge last week. The bridge is blamed, as although the steamboat whistled the bridge refused to budge.

A pickpocket, when charged at the Woolwich Police Court, explained that he was experimenting with a device to protect the public from men of his trade. The magistrate showed practical sympathy with this laudable aim by ordering the prisoner to be locked up for a year.

As a matter of fact we know no device so effective in preventing pocket-picking as the old-fashioned one of keeping a ferocious dog in each pocket. Any prying finger is then promptly bitten off.

Owing to drastic measures taken in consequence of an epidemic of hydrophobia the town of Cythiania in Indiana is now without a single dog. The news, we understand, has created immense excitement in feline circles, and nervous cats from every quarter of the American Continent are said to be flocking into the town.

A "Fun City," in the style of Coney Island, is to be built near Shoreham. Suggested title:—Coney Hatch.

Printers' Pie is rich in humour this year, and those who love a laugh should on no account miss an article by Mr.

HOW TO LOOK FIFTY AT TWENTY-FIVE.

By HYGIENE CANDOUR.

(With acknowledgments in the usual quarter.)

WHAT are the qualities in a man that appeal to the softer sex? Not the callow inexperience of youth, but the riper aspect of mature and well-seasoned manhood. How to look old is the burning question of the day, and the following hints may be found serviceable.

Five or six hours' hard work with the Indian clubs every morning will be sufficient, even in the robustest cases, to produce that interesting air of having toiled and suffered which so captivates the heart of Eve.

After this, lift a couple of 50-lb. dumb-bells briskly above the head. The result of this exercise will be found to be a slight but interesting stoop, very different from the idiotic springy carriage of the ordinary young man.

Do not eat. Nothing gives a man such a shallow boyish appearance as this foolish and pernicious habit.

Personal Appearance.

Cultivate a slow mournful smile. This is best obtained by nightly applications of the patent Ustosmilo

headstrap, which cannot come off.

Avoid a luxurious superfluity of hair: use a strong iron-toothed comb, and buy a bottle of Detacho or some other competent depilatory.

In conclusion, the following two recipes may be found useful:—

1. To flatten the face, stand lightly on the toes and bend forward with hands on hips until the nose nearly touches the floor. Then by a succession of quick forward movements bring the former into sharp contact with the latter without altering the position of the feet.

2. To increase waist-measurement, wear one or more large sand-bags beneath the waistcoat.

A brief observance of these simple rules will secure for the veriest stripling the amatory triumphs and social éclat usually reserved for middle age.



Tommy. "DOES IT MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF BABY TAKES ALL HIS MEDICINE AT ONCE?"

Baby's Mother (in horror). "GOOD HEAVENS! OF COURSE IT DOES!"

Tommy. "BUT IT HASN'T MADE ANY DIFFERENCE."

WILLIAM LE QUEUX entitled, "Some Royalties I know." We are sorry, however, to gather that this pet of the Crowned Heads of Europe takes a pessimistic view of them. "Emperors and kings are, after all, ordinary mortals, very much like ourselves," says Mr. LE QUEUX.

"I know of two Prime Ministers who have read *Public Opinion* regularly," says *The Daily News*. We know of at least one who has mis-read it.

A "Curio Club" has just been formed. This must not be confused with the National Liberal Club.

"WANTED, Farmer's Son, from 16 to 18, to assist master, help milk a few cows; treated as one."—*Western Morning News*.

RATHER brutal, we think.

TO THE NEW "FATHER OF THE HOUSE."

[The Prime Minister has succeeded to the above title, having sat in the Commons for thirty-nine consecutive years.]

Hail! Father of an offspring more profuse
Than hers who habited the fabled Shoe;
In whom the House acclaims a second Zeus,
An Abram No. 2!

Others by graduated steps acquire
Paternal merit; you, by Time's mere nod,
At once attain distinction as the sire
Of some 600 odd.

Yet not by sudden chance you win our cheers.
Worse boredom none alive has undergone;
You've sat for Stirling nine-and-thirty years
Steadily, on and on.

And now I picture you with cheeks aflame,
While all your progeny, a serried mass,
Rises to bless you by the sainted name,
Paterfamilias!

Homage already you have freely had
As the embodiment of Abstract Law,
And now to formal deference they will add
A touch of filial awe.

See you deserve it well! Be warned of her,
The Lady I alluded to above,
Who through embarrassment was apt to err
Against parental love.

Surfeit of children seared her soul with wrath,
And she would send them soundly whipped to bed,
Their little stomachs flatulent with broth,
Hollow for lack of bread.

But you—be gentle even as you are strong;
Show to your sons the reverence due to youth,
Shoving them firmly, from behind, along
The painful path of Truth.

And in your heart these memoranda keep:
To woo with words is safer than to whack;
Give fatherly advice; then fall asleep,
In case they answer back.

So when upon a new *Æneid's* page
You've earned a claim to have your title starred—
Pater et Pius—gladly I'll engage
To be your epic bard.

O. S.

NATURE STUDIES.

SERVANTS' LETTERS.

IN novels and stories there are dialects conventionally appropriated to servants; and it may be admitted that these are occasionally spoken by those to whom literature has thus assigned them. The chief varieties are two—the first being that in which the "h's" are always omitted, the other that in which they are invariably prefixed where the nature of the word would have preferred to omit them. The first of these is the ordinary language, and I have often heard it; the second is more rare, but it exists. Generally, when I have heard it used, it has been by upper servants or by those who, having ceased to be servants, have taken to the letting of lodgings in seaside resorts frequented by the nobility and gentry. I am therefore led to believe that this special variety, which blows out improper and displaced aspirates as from a powerful pair of bellows, is affected because it is supposed to be a mark of gentility, an evident proof, too clear for any sort of question, that one has moved in the society of the

great and rich and polished—that, in fact, one need not shrink from casual conversation with a belted earl if only one pronounces him vigorously as a hearl. The proprietor and the parlour-maid of some lodgings in Brighton in which it was once my privilege to be domiciled (merely to have lived in them would have been feeble and almost proletarian) exercised this terrible habit with a remorseless ferocity. They never failed to fill the sitting-room, as it were, with conversational draughts. Certainly their honour and their honesty began with a louder emphasis than those to which we are accustomed.

It is, however, unwise to infer the letters of servants from their talk. I remember a certain MARY PRITCHARD who spoke much as the servants of convention are supposed to speak. Her letters were another pair of sleeves. In these her imagination had full scope, and her style had been modelled on reminiscences of grandiloquence culled from *The Family Herald* or *Bow Bells*. Once, during an absence of the family, she wrote of some fur cloaks that had been put away for the summer and had just been restored by her to the light of day:—"The cloaks," she said, "were a living mass of creeping Insects, and the fur entirely eaten off the skin. In a little more time the whole house would have been filled with these devastating creatures on the Wing in search of Pastures New. I beg to return many thanks for the kind interest you are pleased to take in my comfort. But, as there is a bed in the Pantry, I was in hopes you might allow me to sleep there whilst I filled the office of Butler and carried out the functions appertaining thereto, as it is downstairs and will do very well when I have cleaned and aired the place. I will take care to have the girl's room nicely furnished when she comes. I am happy to say I find JOHNS (the cook) enters with great good will into all the *minutia* [she had underlined this overwhelming word] and does her share of all the drudgery of cleaning."

It must be confessed that most servants' letters are not on this exalted plane. For the most part they are simple statements of fact expressed in the smallest possible number of words, without any vain and ostentatious attempt at punctuation. An English keeper once reported to me the progress of the birds. "Everything," he wrote, "shoe that we shall get a good hed of birds there is some foxes in the big wood JIM and HARRY and me catshed a poacher two nights ago he came up to-day and got the usuerl hopping this finds all well as it leaves me with a bad cold your humble servant WILLIAM GLEN."

I was formerly acquainted with a housekeeper whose conversation was a perpetual joy. Not even DICKENS could have surpassed some of her choicest sayings. She declared of marriage that she "wouldn't marry a undertaker, not if 'is 'air was 'ung with diamonds," and on occasions of suddenness and surprise she always affirmed that "to come on me like that all of a nonplush makes my inside work like ginger-beer." But her letters were mere nothings, bald and unconvincing statements of disjointed facts. It was for her talk that she reserved the sprightly runnings. Yet she expressed contempt for the literary shortcomings of a youthful assistant who, while on a short holiday, had written to her. "Poor thing," she said, "you can't expect much of 'em. It's the Board Schools ruins them nowadays."

The Economy of Kings.

"If you wish to accept the advice of Royalty, as given in their practice, write to-day for the free bottle of —"

Advt. in *Daily News*.

"When it comes to big feet the Australian F. H. WALTERS carries off the palm."—*The People*.

WE commend this statement to chiropodists and other professors of palmistry.



A SEMI-JUBILEE.

GERMANY (*con brio*). "WE ARE A HAPPY FAMILY—WE ARE!"

AUSTRIA (*piano*). "We are!"

ITALY (*dubioso*). "We were!"

[The "Triple Alliance" has just reached its twenty-fifth anniversary.]



ORGANISATION.

(Overheard at a small race meeting under local control.)

"DO YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOIN' TO WIN THE FIRST RACE?"

"IT AIN'T SETTLED YET; BUT I'LL TELL YOU AFTER THE STEWARDS' MEETING."

MY COMFORTER.

[The experts of both sexes who affect to understand the rearing of the young are waging an active campaign against the baby's "comforter."]

GREY bachelors who theorize with zeal,
And wrinkled maids who *know* but never *feel*,
We pray you to allow us to retain
The only solace of our baby pain.

Weak, helpless targets of experiment,
We have no power to argue or dissent;
But, if of comforters we are bereft,
What in the name of conscience have we left?

The full-grown male when in misfortune's gripe
Obtains alleviation through a pipe;
And, when a woman's star is clouded, she
Drowns disappointment in a cup of tea.

If grown-up creature comforts such as these
Can soothe your nerves to pleasurable ease,
You ought to understand the calm that comes
When "comforters" assuage our throbbing gums.

How can your small annoyances compare
With all the miseries that babies bear—
Tight strings, warm hugs, strange faces void of charms,
Internal pains and vaccinated arms?

Then reinstate this balm that you have banned,
Or our appeal shall echo through the land;
In every home we'll advertise our plight
Not only day by day, but *night by night*.

The Seventh Wave.

"PINWOOD HOUSE. The ideal place for picnics, &c. Strictly Temperance. Sundays excepted."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

BACHELOR DAYS.

II.—THE WASHING.

OF course it is quite possible to marry for love, but I suspect that a good many bachelors marry so that they may not have to bother about the washing any more. That, anyhow, will be one of the reasons with me. "I offer you," I shall say, "my hand and heart—and the washing; and, oh, do see that six table-cloths and my footer shorts don't get sent every week."

We affect Hampstead for some reason. Every week a number of shirts and things goes all the way out to Hampstead and back. I once sent a Panama to Paris to be cleaned, and for quite a year afterwards I used to lead the conversation round to travel, and then come out with, "Ah, I well remember when my Panama was in Paris . . ." So now, when I am asked at a dance, "Do you know Hampstead at all?" I reply, "Well, I only know it slightly myself; but my collars spend about half the year there. They are in with all the best people."

I can believe that I am not popular in Hampstead, for I give my laundress a lot of trouble. Take a little thing like handkerchiefs. My rooms, as I may have mentioned, are at the very top of the building, and there is no lift. Usually I wait till I am just out into the street before I discover that I have forgotten my handkerchief. It is quite impossible to climb all the stairs again, so I go and buy one for the day. This happens about three times a week. The result is that nearly all my handkerchiefs are single ones—there are no litters of twelve, no twins even, or triplets. Now when you have a lot of strangers in a drawer like this, with no family ties (or anything) to keep them together, what wonder if they gradually drift away from each other?

My laundress does her best for them. She works a sort of birth-mark in red cotton in the corner of each, so that she shall know them again. When I saw it first I was frightened. It looked like the password of some secret society.

"Are there many aliens in Hampstead?" I asked the housekeeper.

"I don't know, sir."

"Well, look here what I found on my handkerchief. That's a secret signal of some sort, you know, that's what it is. I shall get mixed up in some sort of anarchist row before I know where I am. Will you arrange about getting my clothes washed somewhere else, please?"

"That's because you haven't got your name on it. She must mark them somehow."

"Then why doesn't she mark them with my name? So much simpler."

"It isn't her business to mark your clothes," said the housekeeper.

That, I suppose, is true; but it seems to me that she is giving us both a lot of unnecessary trouble. Every week I pick out this decorative design with a pen-knife, and every week she works it in again. When you consider the time and the red cotton wasted, it becomes clear that a sixpenny bottle of marking-ink and a good quill pen would be cheaper to her in the long run.

But then she has a weakness for red cotton. The holes in the handkerchiefs she works round with it—I never quite understand why. To call my attention to them, perhaps, and to prevent me from falling through. Or else to say, "You did this. I only washed up to the red, so it can't be my fault."

If I were married and had a house of my own, there would be no man below; consequently he wouldn't wear the absurd collars he does. I get about two of them a week (so even red cotton is not infallible); and if they were the right size and a decent shape I shouldn't grumble so much. But I do object to my collars mixing in town with these extraordinary things of his. At Hampstead, it may be, they have to meet on terms of equality, more or less; force of circumstances throws them together a good deal. But in town no collar of mine could be expected to keep up the acquaintance. "You knew me in Bath," I can imagine one of his monstrosities saying; and, "When I am in Bath I shall know you again," would be the dignified reply of my "16-Golf."

Collars trouble me a good deal one way or another. Whenever I buy a new dozen, all the others seem suddenly to have become old-fashioned in shape and of the wrong size. Nothing will induce me to wear one of them again. They get put away in boxes. Covered with dust, they lie forgotten.

Forgotten, did I say? No. The housekeeper finds them and sends them to the wash. About a month later she finds them again. She is always finding clothes which have been discarded for ever, and sending them to the wash.

The mistake is that we have not yet come to an agreement as to what really is to go to the wash, and what isn't. There is a tacit understanding that everything on the floor on Monday morning is intended for Hampstead. The floor is the linen-basket. It seemed a good idea at the time, but it has its faults. Things get on to the floor somehow which were never meant for the North-West. Blankets, and parts of a tweed suit, and sofa cushions. Things have a mysterious way of dropping. Half-a-dozen pairs of white flannel trousers

dropped from a shelf one December. A pair of footer shorts used to go every week—a pair which I would carefully put down to take the bath water when I had finished with it. I wonder what those shorts thought they were doing. Probably they quite fancied themselves at football, and boasted about the goals they shot to companions whom they met at Hampstead.

"You're *always* here!" a pair of local Wanderers would say.

"My dear man, I play so hard, I don't care how dirty I get."

The irony of it!

But, worst of all, the laundry book! Every week the housekeeper says to me, "Would you pay your book now, as it's been owing for a month?" And every week I pay. That sounds absurd, but I swear it's true. Or else the weeks go very quickly.

And such amounts! Great ninepences for a counterpane or a table-cloth or a white tie. Immense numbers of handkerchiefs, counting (apparently) twelve as thirteen. Quaint hieroglyphics, which don't mean anything but seem to get added in to the price. And always that little postscript, "As this has been owing for a month, we must request . . ."

And yet they want to put a tax on bachelors!

THE TRAVELLER'S A B. C.

THE June number of the *Alphabetical Railway Guide* (or, *A. B. C.*) is not a whit inferior to its predecessors. It is bound in as tasteful a cover as ever, and incidentally it contains some useful information about trains. But it is for its original humour that we chiefly value this little brochure. Lack of space prevents us from quoting at length, but we cannot refrain from reproducing the gem of the work. It occurs on page 443, and is worth reprinting *in extenso*. It is entitled

VICTORIA AND SOUTHALE.

Victoria (S.E. & C.R.)	—
Battersea	—
Chelsea and Fulham	P.
West Brompton	—
Kensington (A.R.)	12.53
Uxbridge Road	—
St. Quentin Park and	—
Wormwood Scrubs	—
Acton	—
Ealing Broadway	—
West Ealing	—
Hanwell and Elthorne	—
Southall	—

(P. 11.30 A.M. Through Train from Brighton to Paddington, arrives at Paddington 1.10 P.M.)

No one can have any difficulty in getting from Victoria to Southall after that.

MODES FOR THE MASSES.

THAT excellent and too-little-read periodical *The Tailor and Cutter* has recently startled its patrons by the publication of a Plate of Fashions for Working-men. From this it is obviously but a step to the "Clothes Letter," already so familiar a feature of certain journals. In the immediate future may we not expect to find something like the following in, say, the Saturday edition of *The Morning Leader*?

From Bill Burge, Roadmender, in London, to Jim Hopkins, of Little Sloucombe-on-Mud.

DEAR JIM,—This being the start of what they call here "The Season," a time when the principal streets of London are annually taken up for repairs, I have been so hard at work as not to leave a moment for letter-writing. However, as I know how anxious you must be to hear all the news of town, and especially what people are wearing this Spring, here goes for a start.

First, then, one of the most altogether striking costumes I have observed anywhere lately was to be seen the other afternoon in St. James's Park, where its wearer is employed on the extension of the new processional route. The loose blouse-like shirt, in an artistic tint of faded green, was made remarkably full, and was of some soft clingsome material, probably flannelette, though this I was unable to get near enough to ascertain decisively. It was confined at the waist by a broad buckled belt of maroon leather, which also passed through the upper portion of the trousers. These latter were in a delicate shade of *Eau-de-Nil* corduroy, each leg being caught up a little below the knee by a wee strap of *bébé* leather in the same shade as the waistbelt, the harmony of tone being further re-echoed in the dull-surfaced boots. Neither coat nor vest were worn with this costume, which was finished off at the throat by a loosely-knotted *cerise* kerchief, whose vivid colouring afforded just the touch of *insouciance* needed to complete a singularly effective *ensemble*.

You recollect my enthusiasm, in a recent letter, over the stylish mole-skin cap worn by Mr. LAWRENCE IRVING as *Crawshay* in *Raffles*? Well, it appears that we still go to the theatre for our *modes*, as one day last week I counted no less than five of them in and about the Mile End Road. By the way, SAM SMITH, who was with me on the occasion, waxed perfectly ecstatic over the head-gear of a very smart bricklayer engaged upon some building operations in the neighbourhood. The cap itself was severely plain of cut, and quite on conventional lines, the novelty lying in the



MRS. BULLYON-BOUNDERMERE'S MUSICALE.

Mrs. B.-B. (the newest of "new" hostesses, fluttered and anxious, awaits arrivals). "I DO HOPE IT WILL ALL GO OFF WELL. DEAR LADY LACKSILLER HAS MANAGED EVERYTHING SO BEAUTIFULLY. A DUCHESS AND THREE COUNTESSSES COMING! NOW, JOSEPH, ONCE MORE AND FOR THE LAST TIME LET ME ENTREAT YOU TO TALK AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE, AND PRAY, PRAY TAKE CARE OF YOUR H'S."

Mr. B.-B. "RIGHT YOU ARE, M'RIA. I'LL TAKE CARE; I SHAN'T SAY MUCH MORE THAN 'OW-D'YE-DO?'"

shape of the little concave toque surmounting it, which, when adorned with its due complement of bricks, has a peculiarly *chic* and becoming effect. SAM insisted upon dragging me off at once to AARONSTEIN'S, in the Broadway, where he purchased an exactly similar one for seven three-farthings, and where, he assures me, you can always be certain of getting the very latest styles at a not too extravagant figure.

My friendship in this matter was fully rewarded by the acquisition for my own wardrobe of one of the perfectly charming Overall Suits which the same firm are now showing at quite ridiculous prices. Mine is a 1907 model, in the new shade of "Navy Blue"

which is rapidly becoming so popular, and will be just what I wanted for drain-work or uncertain weather. The suits are, I am told, made in a variety of sizes and materials, and should you be on the look-out for a dainty but serviceable *en tout cas* of this description you cannot do better than send a postcard to MESSRS. AARONSTEIN, at whose hands country orders receive just the same punctual attention as do those of

Your old mate, BILL BURGE.

"The running of this car at slow speed on the direct thud is the smoothest thing we have ever experienced."—Advt. in the *Automotor*.

BUT it certainly doesn't sound so.

ONE OF NATURE'S ARTISTS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The eloquent appeal made in the Press on behalf of the Wakefield tram-driver with a superb tenor voice, by Lady CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL encourages me to hope that you may feel disposed to place before your myriad readers the not less deserving case of HOMER DOBBS, a young man in whom I am deeply interested. He is at the moment a sandwich-man at Chowbent. The other day, when on a visit to that famous health-resort, I heard him recite a verse of his own composition, and at once came to the conclusion that he was a poet of the most supreme genius. I therefore brought him up to London, and was fortunate enough to get some of the best literary critics—including Mr. PAUL KEARY, his brother Mr. HARRY KEARY, the famous Japanese scholar, Mr. BART KONODY, and Mr. FULSOME OULD—to examine his compositions. They are unanimously of opinion that with proper training he will equal, if not surpass, DANTE, VIRGIL, MILTON and Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN. I may add that Mr. HAROLD B. BEGG has generously offered to superintend his training for nothing if I can raise the necessary maintenance fund, which will amount to at least a thousand pounds, as several years must elapse before HOMER can be in a position to earn an income by his pen.

Not only must HOMER have board and lodging, but also acquire the art of reading and writing (of which he is at present totally ignorant), as well as the habit of speaking like an educated Englishman. All this will mean trouble and money, and on HOMER's part great application. At present he knows absolutely nothing, but the critics are convinced that, with proper training, he has a great future before him. He is of excellent physique, weighs 12 st. 8 lb., is a non-smoker, and has an unusually large head, his size in hats being 9½ in. When I asked him why he had become a sandwich-man, he promptly replied:

"I don't know any other way
Of earning eighteen-pence a day."

And when I inquired whether he would like to become a poet he rejoined:

"I'd like to, but I fear it's hard
To earn a living as a bard."

No sane person wishes to attribute genius to those who do not possess it, but where it leaps to the eye in this way it would be little less than a crime not to encourage and foster so divine a gift.

Will England help me to save and produce a great English genius that should be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to us and our children's children?

Subscriptions to the HOMER DOBBS

Maintenance Fund will be gratefully received by Yours faithfully

CORINNA LÖWENJÄGER.

150, Swan Walk, Chelsea.

P.S.—HOMER is now learning the alphabet, and will shortly be able to repeat it correctly as far as H, a letter which causes him a good deal of trouble.

THE DRURY LANE WELTER HANDICAP.

EVERYBODY knows—for has not the Profession said so?—that the Drama is the noblest of the Arts and that Literature is its handmaiden. This ancillary position of the playwright may account for his lack of initiative and the tendency of certain themes (*Musketeers*, *Nell Gwynnes*, *Napoleons*, and what not) to become temporarily epidemic. Just now we are suffering from a concerted attack of the Red Indian bacillus. At Drury Lane *The Last of His Race* is a dull, mechanic melodrama reminiscent of *The Darling of the Gods*, but with none of the charm and picturesqueness of the Japanese play. Mr. BASIL GILL, to keep up the association of ideas, is once more the attractive outcast hero: and, once more, his love defers its consummation to a future state, located, once more, beyond a watery barrier.

I confess that I marvel how a more than respectable actor like Mr. LYN HARDING should consent to take part in



Niatowa (Mr. BASIL GILL) at the stake.
Dance by the Hop-Scotchee Warriors.

a play like this, and make a ludicrous figure of himself in the most repellent of costumes. Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER as *Adulola*, the *Lily of Namabin*, had at least the advantage of being a pale-face on her father's side. I am certain she would never have permitted herself to wear the hideous complexion of her girl playmates. She acted with commendable energy in an uninspiring part that left the audience cold.

Miss ESMÉ BERINGER showed a sense



MR. LYN HARDING as *Sheanagua*, whose squaw has deceived him.

of style as the faithless squaw of *Sheanagua*; but whether she rightly reproduced the Ockotchee methods of infidelity must remain a matter of speculation both for her and me.

I am not quite sure who it was that was "The Last of his Race." If it was Mr. BASIL GILL I am not surprised, as he started favourite. In any case, the winner's name is left in doubt. It may have been that rank outsider *Lonavanda*, who went blind at the post with excess of limelight, and savaged one of his stable-companions quite early in the Race.

O. S.

P.S.—A correspondent, who has sustained a simple fracture of the jaw through an attempt to cope with the nomenclature of these Drury Lane Red Indians, sends the following gloomy forecast:—

(From The "Daily Melograph" of May 19, 1910.)

... The plot of *The Last of the Polysyllables*, which was brought to a successful hearing at the theatre last night, is simple yet effective. *Timpanigoulash* and *Ulatanalarezul* are the twin sons and co-heirs of *Pongcham Binniboph Weltheinasse Arabiazi*, the theocratic sovereign of the Sesquipedalians. The two young princes are both desperately in love with the beautiful *Paparregopoloslethcarriu*, daughter of a neighbouring chieftain, whose name we unfortunately have not space to include in our present issue, but polyandry being strictly forbidden in Sesquipedalia they resolve to fight a duel in order to end a deadlock which is convulsing the entire kingdom. The duel, which is carried out with a realism unusual even at the present day, is fought with harpoons in a large tank, and *Timpanigoulash* is pronounced the victor after the seventeenth round.

In a striking interlude *Pongcham Binniboph, K.T.L.*, bewails his lost son and indulges in a striking denunciation of the crime of fratricide. The dénouement is tragic in its unexpected intensity.



Master (who has had lawn relaid). "YOUR MISTRESS AND I BOTH THINK THAT THE TURF IS VERY LUMPY."

Gardener. "AH, IT MAY LOOK SO FROM 'ERE, SIR; BUT IF YOU AND THE MISSUS WAS TO WALK ABOUT ON IT YOU'D SOON SEE THE DIFFERENCE!"

The beautiful *Paparregopouloslethearriu*, on learning the issue of the combat, declares that nothing will possibly induce her to marry a man whose name only contains seven syllables, and retires into a rhomboidal phalanstery. *Timpanigoulash* and *Pongcham*, κ.τ.λ., then fall on their harpoons, and the curtain descends on a scene of universal harakiri.

The performance was in all respects worthy of the play. All praise is due to Mr. DENZIL BULSTRODE for his magisterial rendering of *Pongcham Binniboph*. The lament was delivered by him with excruciating pathos, and his handling of the harpoon in the last scene would have done credit to Mr. FRANK BULLEN himself. Hardly less striking was Mr. AMBROSE QUIRKE's calm and dignified impersonation of the unfortunate *Ulatanalarzul*. The part, if drawn in neutral colours, is of the highest value to the development of the story, which would have suffered severely had the rôle been confided to less competent hands than those of Mr. QUIRKE. Mr. KIRBY BODKIN created a deep impression by the earnestness, the

sincerity, and the innate nobility of his acting in the part of *Timpanigoulash*, while the small part of the comic shepherd *Borborofustuns* afforded Mr. DAL NIMMO ample opportunity for the display of his unctuous yet sardonic geniality. As *Paparregopouloslethearriu*, Miss KATINKA JEBB, we regret to say, proved something of a disappointment. Her opulent physique enabled her to render a certain rough justice to the part, but her conception lacked the primitive ferocity demanded by the situation, and the shrieks with which she greeted the news of the issue of the duel left much to be desired, both in volume and poignancy. *The Last of the Polysyllables*, it should be added, is mounted with a tropical splendour almost painfully dazzling to the naked eye, and provides a spectacle of sumptuous and exorbitant beauty. It is decidedly a play to be seen by everyone who is prepared to accept and profit by a strenuous and high-minded attempt to place the elemental passions of savage humanity before a jaded public in their most lurid and luscious light.

Mother of Seventy-Three.

"THE late Mrs. M—— successively married two men of the same name, and was the mother of ten children, thirty-five grand-children, and twenty-eight great-grand-children."—*Down Recorder*.

WRITING of the picture of the President of the Royal Academy (whom he calls, appropriately enough, Sir E. J. PAYNTER) the London correspondent of *The Cork Constitution* says:—

"The blend of the classic and the commonplace which is represented by the nude of a twentieth century fishing rod is, however, somewhat incongruous."

At any rate it is superior to the nude of a bunch of grapes and half a lemon which one sees so often.

"ROGERS was born at Windsor in 1614, was appointed organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1664, and was dismissed his post forty years later. There is no record as to the reason why he lost this appointment."

Daily Chronicle.

MIGHT we hazard the suggestion that he was too old at ninety?



ENGLISH AS SHE IS COMPREHENDED.

Babu. "SIR, I BEG THAT YOU WILL TRANSFER ME FROM THIS PLACE. I AM HOME-SICK."

Deputy Commissioner. "BUT AM I NOT CORRECT IN SUPPOSING THAT THIS IS YOUR HOME?"

Babu (with conviction). "YES, SIR, IT IS—AND I AM SICK OF IT."

TRUE WOMAN IN THE MAKING.

[According to *The Daily Express*, a new University for Women has been founded in Paris by Mme. BRISSON. The curriculum includes lectures on such subjects as dress-making, hair-dressing and coquetry, the object being to train the students in the purely feminine arts.]

At Girton our sisters may try
To wrangle, regardless of sex;
They may strive to "evaluate π "
Or master the functions of x ;
With dresses and tresses awry
Over *Liddell & Scott* they may pore,
While they cram up their noddles with
classical models
And archæological lore.

But what is the wretched effect
On a girl of this masculine plan?
At the best we can only detect
A poor imitation of man:
Her feminine graces are wrecked,
Her forehead grows bulgy and large,
And your angular charmer is robbed of
the armour
That nature gave into her charge.

But where we in England are blind,
If we steal at our neighbours a glance,

Once more we shall certainly find
They manage things better in France.
Fair Paris, whose masterly mind
Has proved itself able to train
The feminine figure, can do what is
bigger—

Train fitly the feminine brain.

Ah, what a curriculum here
For ravishing girl-undergrads!
No musty old classics come near,
No dry mathematical fads;
But dainty professors appear—
Nay, do not start back with alarm!—
Each one is a beauty who feels it her
duty

To teach you the secret of charm.

Here, stately and blessed with an air
That beggars the grace of the swan,
You may listen awhile to a fair
And wise peplological don;
Round her sage professorial chair
Undergraduates eagerly press,
Taking notes while she teaches in silvery
speeches

The art and the science of dress.

In the Physical Lab. you shall see
Sweet maidens who eagerly seek
To advance to a higher degree—
Not in Physics, oh no, but Physique.

Capillary problems, e.g.,

They study with infinite toil;
They know to a fraction the force of
attraction
Possessed by a "front" or a "coil."

Here coquetry-teachers impart
Their skill in the use of the eyes;
Espèglerie, too, and the art
Of feigning delight and surprise.
You will learn to be skittish and smart
Though inclined for a lachrymose flood,
And how to look happy when inwardly
snappy
And thirsting for somebody's blood.

And when the long course is complete,
When you reach the desirable goal,
When you've mastered the arts of deceit
And are able to trick and cajole;
When you know how to lie and to cheat
On the latest, most ladylike plan—
The world will acknowledge the girls of
this college
As perfect companions of man!

The Little More and how Much it is.

"THE climate of Rio is like that of
England, only that there is no disagree-
able winter, and for two months in the
year it is considerably hotter."—*Sketch.*



HOME-RULED.

JOHN REDMOND (*Uncrowned King of Ireland*). "CEASE THY TWANGING. WE'LL HAVE NONE OF IT."

BIRRELL THE JESTER. "BUT YOU SAID YOU LIKED IT THE OTHER DAY."

J. R. "JUST SO; BUT WE FIND THAT OUR SUBJECTS DISAPPROVE OF IT, AND 'TIS AS MUCH AS OUR PLACE IS WORTH TO HAVE A MIND OF OUR OWN."



ELECTION OF OUR LOCAL MAGNATE.

Candidate. "YUS, AS I'VE ALREADY TOLD YOU, GENTLEMEN, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU A SELF-MADE MAN."
 Voice (from the back). "BETTER HA' PUT THE JOB OUT, MISTER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 27.—HARRY CHAPLIN back again, bringing his sheaves with him in form of Wimbledon Polling Returns giving him majority of 6,964. Everyone glad to see him ambling up to Table to take the oath, his white handkerchief flowing forth from his breast-pocket like a flag of truce. Thirty-nine years since he, then Squire of Blankney, made the same journey, after first election for Mid-Lincolnshire. On the threshold of a new century he comes back elect of a London suburban borough.

Is it fancy that suggests his locks, instead of whitening after the disaster at Sleaford in January of last year, have taken on a darker hue? However that be, he looks younger than when he parted with us in the autumn of 1905. He walks with the same swinging gait, looks right and left with the familiar comprehensive glance, and means to make Free-Traders sit up.

Business done.—English Small Holdings Bill introduced.

DAMOCLES UP-TO-DATE.

Jam nova diluvies celo demittitur alto.

When overhead the airships fly
 In countless swarms by day and night,
 And locust-like obscure the sky
 And dim the heavenly bodies' light,
 What will the joy of life be worth
 To us who still must tread the earth?

How shall we dare to stay at home
 In villa, mansion, flat, or cot,
 When shipwrecked aeronauts may come
 Unbidden down the chimney-pot;
 And slight mishaps to ropes and gears
 Hustle the house about our ears?

Abroad a rain of oil and slops
 Will wreck the smartest hats and
 gowns,
 While anchor flukes uproot the crops
 Or sweep the golfer off his downs,
 And grapnels hook up to the skies
 The angler hoping for a rise.

When feasters in the ether fling
 From dizzy heights a crust of bread
 Or fragments of a chicken's wing,
 To drop, by gravity, like lead,

The deadly hail will penetrate
 Umbrellas made of armour-plate.
 The bravest warrior of the brave,
 The greatest genius ever known,
 May prematurely find a grave
 Cut over by a falling bone;
 Or have the thread that *Clotius* spins
 Severed by empty sardine-tins.
 Since then for us, whose straitened means
 To *terra firma* keep us bound,
 Some refuge from these dread machines
 In new conditions must be found,
 We'll spend what yet of life remains
 In tunnels, caverns, tubes and drains.

Researches among the Poets.

I.—BRIDGE: A REVOKE.

"Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see;
 And 'having none' yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee."

HERRICK—*To Anthea*.

II.—THE COMPLETE AUTOMOBILIST.

"With that he smote his head adown
 anon,
 And gan to motre."

CHAUCE—*Troilus and Cryseyde*.

UP TO THE NINES.

TOMPKYNS is a fine billiard player, and I am not a fine billiard player, but—I have beaten TOMPKYNS at billiards. This is how I did it.

At his own hospitable board the man TOMPKYNS was presuming upon our courtesy to talk to us about his billiards. He did not say outright, "I, TOMPKYNS, am a fine player!" That we could have borne with patience. And then the subject could have been deftly changed. What he said was, "Of course I'm not a very good judge, but I did so and so the other night." That sort of thing is disgusting—and worse, interminable.

I sat there, musing upon the childish vanity of mankind and TOMPKYNS, until I heard a voice. It was not the voice of my neighbour, a querulous, heavy man, who kept trying to begin a sentence which TOMPKYNS invariably nipped in the bud. (I heard later that he had been the undisputed Ping-Pong Champion of Upper Tooting, and naturally loved to talk about his triumphs.) No, it was an inward voice that I heard. I have heard it before upon great occasions in my life. It said, "Challenge this man TOMPKYNS to a billiard match. I am weary of his bragging. I guarantee that you shall humiliate him in the dust!" I had every confidence in the voice, but for a moment I hesitated. I knew that it meant well by me, but I fancied that it was making a mistake. For, as a matter of fact, I had never played billiards in my life. I had watched people playing, but my practical experience of the game was nil. I pointed this out to the voice.

I said, "I quite agree with your view of TOMPKYNS. TOMPKYNS is a maddening man to listen to. I should like to humiliate him in the dust. But do you think that I'm the man to do it—at billiards?"

The voice quite snapped at me.

"You heard what I said! Do you want me to wash my hands of you?"

"No," I said desperately, "I don't."

It was mollified in a moment. It merely demands implicit obedience, that voice.

"Good for you!" it said quite genially. "Tell him you'll take seventy in a hundred, and play him for a fiver."

I gasped. The voice spoke of a fiver as though it had been a sixpence! But I have a loyal nature.

"TOMPKYNS," I said rather huskily, "I challenge you to a match this very evening!"

He was telling us about his last break. The interruption amazed him.

"But I thought you didn't play," he said doubtfully.

"I do not as a rule," I answered, with the calm of a great nature. "But some-

thing tells me that I am a natural player and that I shall surely beat you. You shall give me seventy in a hundred, and I will play you for a fiver."

"Done with you!" he said quite eagerly, and the Ping-Pong Champion looked at me with a doglike admiration in his sullen eyes.

We adjourned to the billiard-room. It was a bachelor dinner. TOMPKYNS does not care for women. He finds that they are less patient listeners than men. I preserved a massive outward calm, but I was slightly nervous.

Some instinct impelled me to select the thickest-ended cue that I could find. Perhaps it was the watchful but temporarily silent voice.

TOMPKYNS conceded a miss to start with, and I did the same. His was intentional.

The score was called one, seventy-one. So far I had contrived to hold my own. But at this point TOMPKYNS did some juggling with the balls, and when he had finished the score was seventy-one, twenty-six. Something would have to be done.

The red was far away, but his ball was quite near me, and hanging over a pocket. I aimed at his ball and it disappeared. Then I aimed at the red ball, and the score was called twenty-seven, seventy-three.

TOMPKYNS was at it again. He was forty-three before I had another chance. Both balls were at a great distance, and I aimed at the nearest. It was the other ball that I hit. It vanished, but my ball was still full of heart. It came back and hit the red, and they rushed together towards a pocket. They went into it together, and it seems that the stroke was worth nine. The red was put on the spot, and I conceded another miss. But only by a hair's-breadth. Eighty-two, forty-four.

TOMPKYNS made twenty, in a fortuitous sort of fashion as I fancied, and for a while I adhered to safety methods. Certainly, in several attempts I only once conceded a three to TOMPKYNS. This might have happened oftener, if I had chosen to play a more dashing game. TOMPKYNS replied with a chancy ten, and the score was eighty-two, seventy-seven, in my favour.

Then, nerved by desperation, I did it again. I "worked the balls into position," whatever that may mean. What I mean by it is that I gave the heavy cue my full strength, and scored another brilliant nine shot. The break was terminated by a safety miss (by a full two inches, but my foot slipped slightly), and TOMPKYNS, roused to madness, came out with a lucky thirteen. The scores were level, ninety-one all!

The excitement in the room was painful. In the dead silence you might have

almost heard the long rest fall. A lesser man would have thrown up the sponge. TOMPKYNS grinned fendishly in anticipation of his triumph. The Ping-Pong Champion was pale and despairing. I gripped my massive cue, and the voice whispered "Courage! And give it plenty of stick!"

I wondered what it meant. It was absurd to be technical at such a moment. But I had to play.

Both balls were dim and distant. They were about six inches apart, and I aimed strongly for the space between. It seemed the best thing to do. I do not expect you to believe what happened. My own explanation is that Providence had been annoyed by the bragging of TOMPKYNS, and chose me as its unworthy champion. I claim very little credit for it, but it is a fact that once again I had a clear beard!

When the mists of triumph cleared from before my eyes, the Ping-Pong Champion was grasping my hand, and they were giving brandy to my opponent.

Thus, and not otherwise, did I beat the man TOMPKYNS.

WANTED—A FLOWER!

ANOTHER Empire Day has come and gone, and the authorities do not yet appear to have discovered or decided upon the symbolic Imperial flower. The claims of the Daisy have been advocated by certain imaginative champions. It is the emblem of modesty and innocence, no doubt, but, unless of the Double Ox-eye variety, it would seem to be somewhat inadequate. Meanwhile we are not without other suggestions (rescued from the waste-paper basket).

A PATRIOT writes: "Our national animal is still, I believe, the British Lion, unless it is by any chance the humbler and more domestic quadruped that is sometimes fabled to assume the monarch's skin. Allow me, therefore, to propose the Dandelion as a reminder to the weak-kneed."

LITTLE ENGLANDER declares that, if he has a Preference, it is for Quaking Grass. Why should, he asks, the fiction of intrepidity be any longer maintained?

ST. GEORGE pins his faith to Snapdragon. He holds that it is the mission of the British Empire, and Mr. HALDANE in particular, to embark on adventures, to play the knight-errant, and generally pull chestnuts out of the fire.

SOCIALIST says: "I read in *The Language of Flowers* that Candy-tuft signifies indifference. I shall accordingly adopt that plant in future by way of protest against these chauvinistic and unc cosmopolitan movements."

A PRIMROSE LEAGUER asks: "What's wrong with DISRAELI's favourite flower?"

MR. PUNCH'S PAGEANTS.

Some Suggestions to the Committee of the Coventry Pageant.

EPISODE I.

The Cycle Industry. The First Free-wheel Tandem constructed at Coventry (Stone Age).



EPISODE II.

The Cycle Industry. Incursion of the Dhunlwp Welsh. There is a legend that they arrived in "Hand-brakes," then seen for the first time.

We shall be happy to enrol the whole 400 millions on our books of membership.

AN UNDERTAKER declares that for a hopeful, cheering and sober token nothing better can be found than the Immortelle.

'ARRY votes for the Mistletoe, which he intimates is always in season and completely expresses his feelings.

A NEW BOER FELLOW-SUBJECT sends a sprig of the *Wacht-en-bietje* or Wait-a-bit Thorn without further comment than the label.

COLNEY HATCH is strongly in favour of the Vegetable Marrow, as nobody who sported a twenty-pounder in his button-hole could possibly forget it was Empire Day and all the privileges and duties involved.

Failing these, how-



EPISODE III.

Lady Godiva (in her Go-diving-dress). In view of the cold water thrown on the idea of absolute realism in the portrayal of Lady Godiva, why not compromise as above?

ever, we are inclined to think that the case would best be met by a combination bouquet of the Rose, the Thistle, the Shamrock, the Leek, the Maple-leaf, the Corn-stalk, and the Bind-weed. ZIG-ZAG.

"Saying a Good Deal."

"MR. McKENNA is as good a swimmer as he is an carsman, and that is saying a good deal, for he stroked bow in the Cambridge University Eight of 1887."—*Bystander.*

THIS comes all the way from Alberta, Canada:

"Room wanted—by young man of respectable mien, as well as otherwise."

We are glad to hear this, for one cannot be too careful. As the poet says, "Many a respectable mien hides a very different otherwise."

WHAT KIND OF PAPER DOES A MAN LIKE BEST?

GRAND NEW CORRESPONDENCE.

PAGE 7 OF "THE DAILY MAIL" AS THE
ARBITER OF FATE.

WITH a view to getting absolute novelty and maintaining the up-to-date enterprise for which Page 7 is famous, we have employed Mr. JAW JAR SYMS to open this correspondence. Mr. SYMS writes in public so seldom, and his opinions are so little known, that anything from his pen has peculiar weight. From time to time other men with views of the utmost gravity on all questions will contribute to this discussion, among them Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, Mr. EDGAR JEPSON, and Mr. H. BACHELOR CROUCH.

THE IDEAL PAPER.

By Jaw Jar Syms.

In an important discussion of this kind it is well to begin by clearing the ground of misconceptions. It is necessary to understand at the very outset what is meant by the word "paper." Is it a daily paper or a weekly paper? An evening paper or a cigarette paper? A wall paper or a fly paper? It would be absurd if all the correspondents of this influential sheet were persuaded that fly papers were under discussion, for such a confusion would tend to decrease the value of their criticism. Let it therefore be said at once in the clearest possible way, that by "paper" is meant a daily paper—a morning paper.

Many of the differences between a morning paper and an evening paper are manifest to every one; but one has need to be a working journalist for many years, like myself, to appreciate the more delicate niceties of divergence. The main differences may be tabulated thus:—

A morning paper comes out in the night; an evening paper comes out in the morning.

A morning paper has one edition only; an evening paper begins with the fourth, and only after many hectic hours reaches its blessed "Final."

A morning paper occasionally tells the truth.

A morning paper is never green and never pink.

A morning paper is bought at a stall or a shop, and you have to go for it; an evening paper is pushed at you.

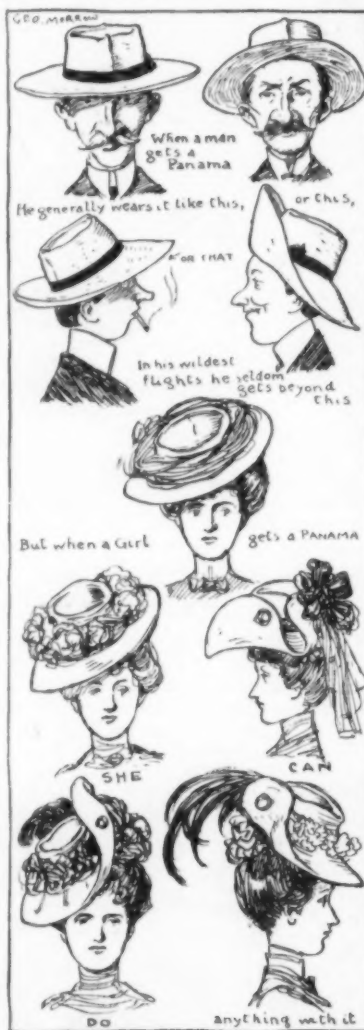
And so forth.

Having said so much, let me return to Opposite-the-Ducks Villa (as I humorously and epigrammatically call my house) and make room for less weary commentators.

JAW JAR SYMS.

A GOOD JUDGE.

The kind of paper that I like best costs a half-penny, and is not only bright but brainy. It has a new scare every morning, and it asks a lot of questions without giving the answers—such as "Will there be a fine Derby Day?" "Can Yorkshire win?" and



"What kind of grandmother does a man like best?"

Brixton.

T. WILKINSON, HODGE.

Too KIND.

The kind of paper a sensible man likes best is one that is continually changing its mind. Nothing is so tedious as consistency.

Dulwich.

A. B. E.

A NONAGENARIAN'S LITTLE JOKE.

Having been born in 1817 I know what I am talking about, and there is no doubt whatever that the paper that a

man likes best is the paper of which bank-notes are made.

TEN TO A HUNDRED.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

I like a paper that understands headlines so well that you needn't read the article at all. My idea of a good paper is one that keeps the articles under and gives the headlines a show.

Hove. Surgeon-Major K. N. PEPPER.

NOT AFRAID OF HIS OPINION.

A man, being a reasonable animal with too much boredom in actual life, naturally wants a paper that will continually be giving him thrills. It doesn't matter whether they are well-founded or not; that is immaterial. He would rather have false news than no news at all.

Harrogate. W. BRINSMEAD BILSON.

HOMAGE TO ART.

Before it is too late may I urge upon every reader of your valuable journal to hasten to the Notion Theatre to see Miss BARLOW in her charming play, *Young Sandford of Merton*. I do not say it is a wonderful play, but I do say that Miss BARLOW is one of the greatest of English actresses in Surbiton.

A. L. C.

[This letter got into this column by an error, which was not discovered until it was too late to omit it.—Ed.]

A READER'S GRATITUDE.

(To the Editor of "Punch.")

DEAR SIR,—I wish to express to you my sincerest thanks. Some time ago out of the kindness of your heart you produced a specimen page of a publication called *Home Chunks*. (Of course you may have been paid for its insertion as an advertisement; but I give you the benefit of the doubt.) My wife and I were immediately struck by its various attractive features; and as a result we have been taking in two or three of the well-known home magazines every week since, finding them to blend instruction and entertainment in a manner truly admirable.

It is from the perusal of the serial fiction that we receive the keenest enjoyment; there is something so original in the incidents and so vigorous in the language. May I quote a few brief passages in support of my statement?

"Better wear out than rust out," answered the young man brightly, as he lifted his eyes from the parcel he was tying up to his mother's sweet old face, which now wore a shade of anxiety."

"To her dying day she never forgot that scene. It was burnt in on her memory with the blood-red anguish of love's death-blow."

"Her father was a Russian noble and

married an English girl who died soon after she was born."

"His heart leapt to his mouth as he considered the possibility. But he put it resolutely behind his back."

"It was VIVIAN's coat! VIVIAN! the only man he had ever felt jealous of hanging in his wife's wardrobe behind her own dresses. Here was the evidence, the foul evidence that was staring him in the face."

"With a short, harsh laugh he thrust his head into his inner pocket and drew out the pocket-book that he had taken from the squire."

In the face of such quotations as these who will say that the possibilities of English literature are exhausted? Certainly not, Sir, Yours gratefully,

A HOME BIRD.

HOW TO READ SMARTLY.

(Reprinted from "The Glass of Fashion.")

THESE notes are not intended to help the literary woman or the student. I leave such to go their own way, for they appear to read for reading's sake, and they are hopelessly unfashionable in their choice of literature. But this is an age in which every girl who enters Society must profess to read, and, what is still more important, *she must possess literary opinions*. Hence there are many of us who do our reading, if I may so put it, as a social duty, and it is to readers of this kind that I desire to give a few valuable hints drawn from my own experience. For many a girl who wishes to be a social success fails because, first, she does not know what books pay best for reading, and secondly, she does not know what she is expected to say about those she has read.

The fundamental principle which the fashionable reader must remember is that it is better, infinitely better, *not to read at all than not to read smartly*. And herein lies a great difficulty. For the fashions of books are even more transitory than those of dress. It is safe to say that the books which are read to-day will assuredly not be read to-morrow. Hence it takes a very clever woman to be really up-to-date. But I will suggest a simple rule. Read any striking book which you hear mentioned within one week of its issue, and never read, or at any rate *mention*, a book which has appeared in a sixpenny edition; for by that time the fashion must have percolated to the lower classes, and it is hopeless for smart use. To take one or two well-known names—BROWNING and TENNYSON, though not published in the cheapest form, are utterly out of date at present. They are too old to be modern, and too modern to be quaint.

You must remember also that a



SCENE—Annual Inspection of Volunteer Battalion.

Inspecting Officer. "AND WHERE, NOW, DOES YOUR DRUMMER STAND WITH YOUR COMPANY ON PARADE?"

Ignorant and cheerfully casual Junior Sub. (with alacrity). "OH, I ALWAYS GIVE HIM A FREE HAND, SIR."

[Report on Junior Officers, bad.]

reader's own personal style must be considered. A *petite blonde* with a baby stare should never attempt MEREDITH, though she may look very charming with a dainty Elizabethan Anthology. Anthologies are very useful to those whose purses are not long. They can be made to reappear in a hundred different ways, both for picnics or for evening use. Healthy and athletic girls go well with KIPLING and NEWBOLT. MAETERLINCK needs a very special type of reader—parted lips and spiritual eyes if possible. With HEWLETT you must be very careful. Don't bother about CHESTERTON at all.

SHAKESPEARE is, of course, somewhat *ordinaire*, but there is no doubt that he lends himself conveniently to smart little Reading Circles, at which a *chic* effect can be produced by using single-play volumes bound in colours to match the costumes of the readers. Of course the commoner plays, such as *Hamlet* or *Julius Cæsar*, should not be used; it must always be remembered that SHAKESPEARE after all is *only* SHAKESPEARE and some original feature should be introduced as accessory. It is not bad to say languidly now and then that every time a play of SHAKESPEARE is revived you go and see a new SHAW.

Let me add a few words of advice upon the expression of literary judgments. And here I would most seriously warn all those who wish to excel in literary criticism. *Never dare to express*

any opinion on any book until you have read one or more reviews upon it. Your reviews are in fact your fashion-plates. But even so a difficulty may arise. Other people may have recourse to the same review, and nothing is more annoying to a smartly-read woman than to hear a neighbour, possibly quite an inferior person, produce the very criticism which she thought she had made her own. You must try to be in the prevailing fashion, but at the same time contrive, as with dress, to give your views a touch of individuality. This is difficult. I have been lucky enough to get hold of a cheap little woman who once went to Oxford, and who has a university degree, or something I believe they call "an equivalent." She is quite glad to make up all my judgments for me in return for—what do you think?—*simply my old cast-off books!* I felt a little nervous at first lest her opinions might be—well, a little too substantial and dull for smart use, but she assures me that she never uses her own personal opinions for me, but that she works up quite different ones to suit my style.

In conclusion I should like to state that I am about to publish a booklet entitled *Labels for Authors*, containing the names of all eligible writers, followed by a list of suitable epithets. These epithets will be revised from time to time in new editions according to the movements in fashion.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WITH that loyalty to his country which is one of the most marked characteristics of all Scotsmen, Mr. NEIL MUNRO has selected the Scotch house of BLACKWOOD as the publishers of his Scotch novel *The Daft Days*. And then, also after the manner of his countrymen, Mr. MUNRO has sent his novel south for the benefit of us poor Saxons, just as his heroine, *Bud*, after spending the second half of her childhood in a Scotch village, comes to London, and is seen and conquers as the leading Shakespearean actress of her day. That somewhat commonplace event, however, only takes place in the last chapter. The rest of the book is Scotch all through, and very good Scotch too. The child *Bud* (not to be confused with the "great god Bud") is delightful, and so are the old Scotch aunts with whom she makes her home. Says one of them, "I can get fine cooks that are wanting in the grace of God, and pious girls who couldn't be trusted to bake a Christian scone; it's a choice between two evils." There are many equally pleasant remarks in Mr. MUNRO's capital book.

The Coward in Eden (HUTCHINSON), by VINCENT BROWN, shows us two brothers and two sisters. ADAM and EVE are, I imagine, represented by the elder brother and the elder sister, who are married, and Eden is evidently the country place where they live. The other brother and sister, so far as I can see, do not strictly correspond to anything in the original Garden. Still, they are engaged to be married, which, perhaps, is sufficiently Paradisial to pass. The serpent, without any doubt, is ADAM's first wife (compare LILITH of the legend), who, believed to be dead, reappears with many wiles, which have money as their object. Here the Eden idea, which has been getting shaky for some time, ends hopelessly, for the serpent gets drowned at p. 77. EVE, however, has discovered its existence, and she piles up evidence in her mind to connect it with the younger brother. The elder, who is a first-class coward, loses his best to foster this notion. Everything comes right in the end—but it is a long, long while about it. There is too much what-a-fine-day-it-is sort of conversation, and the people who indulge in it are not more interesting than they would be in real life. Which is a mistake in a novel.

Over the history of Captain Cook there hangs a mist of tradition. Most of us have a pretty decided notion that he circumnavigated the globe, discovered some islands and large tracts of the continent of Australia, and was done to death by the natives in the Sandwich Islands. Several narratives of his life have been written, notably one towards the close of the eighteenth century by Dr. KIRKPATRICK. They are incomplete, frequently inaccurate. It has been left to Mr. ARTHUR KITSON to produce in *Captain James Cook* (MURRAY) a work worthy of his theme. He has made industrious research into all published records, such as the log of the *Endeavour* and Cook's manuscripts dealing with his second and third voyages, comparing them with logs and diaries written by others, some not hitherto published. The work is, perhaps, distinguished rather for industry than for literary art. Mr. KITSON misses no minute

detail about "the ship's sides being freshly caulked and tarred, the ironwork of the tiller overhauled and repaired, more ballast taken on board, the rigging put into thorough good order, and a plentiful supply of wood and water obtained." Reiteration of particulars of this kind is apt to pall. Cook's story was full of the romance of pathless seas and unknown lands. There is no touch of this in the book, which is nevertheless a valuable, if somewhat stolid, contribution to the biography of the men who made the Empire.

The genuine "Moonraker" believes that no place can possibly equal his native downs; even as "hillmen desire their hills" so he treasures his sudden combs and sea-like rolling plains; also it is his way to wish to keep them to himself and let the stranger go elsewhere. For this reason he may regret that Mr. BRADLEY has written *Round About Wiltshire* (METHUEN), for assuredly no outside reader will be able to resist the peculiar charm of this county so English yet so little known to Englishmen, a charm which his book conveys most admirably. His many historical anecdotes, incisively related, seem more vivid and more easily realised in a country that remains almost unchanged by modern conditions, where the names of the fifteenth century are the familiar names of to-day; and Mr. BRADLEY's opinion of the rustic will be appreciated by all who know that misunderstood being. Here and there a slight inaccuracy has crept in. The origin of "Try Zideways," in Mr. Punch's pages, is connected with West Lavington, not Potterne; a photograph of a Potterne lane has been wrongly assigned to Ramsbury; and, lastly, no Wiltshireman will allow that that best of marching tunes, "*The fly be on the turnut*," should be rendered in any other way than the following:—

"The vly! The vly!
The vly be on the turnut,
It be arl me eye for I to try
To kip they arf the turnut."



A WORK OF SUPER-IRRIGATION.

The illustrations are excellent, although the coloured drawings are not so characteristic as the photographs.

There are some people whom Christian Science enrages, some whom it irritates, some whom it merely bores. Many look upon it as the Faith of Faiths, its followers as the salt of the earth, and its prophet, with her "little book," as the first true interpreter of the Scriptures and the riddle of life. Others—the Betwixt-and-Betweens—think, like one of the characters in *The House of Defence* (HEINEMANN), that "these Christian Scientists have got hold of a big truth, but many of them mix such floods of nonsense with it that it is quite dissolved." Mr. E. F. BENSON's decidedly interesting story, in which the various "claims" of a typhoid-stricken village, a morphomaniac, a *grande dame* whose charity does not begin at home, and an ordinary, sensible Christian woman, are successfully "treated" by a breezy American professor of the faith, holds the balance very evenly between these conflicting views. The moral seems to be that the essence of the faith lies in its Christianity and not in its "Science," and that it can and does deal effectually with moral and nervous affections, but not with compound fractures or organic disease. Somewhat mercifully Mr. BENSON says nothing about the price of Mrs. EDDY's little book. But MARK TWAIN has said it for him.